

"Oh, be lifted ye gates,
 Let me hear them again,
 Blessed song, blessed singers,
 Forever, Amen."

My Uncle, E.[arl] M.[elville] Peck, of Carbondale, has garnered so much of the history and biography of the pioneers of this community and so well preserved it for the future, that there is little left in that field for me to glean. Sheldon Norton of Carbondale, in his splendid reminiscences of the pioneers given you a year ago when was unveiled yonder monument, has left quite as little in that field for one who comes after. I understand that this pioneers monument was an idea of those two men, Sheldon Norton and E. M. Peck, theirs was a happy thought that here in this cemetery where sleep so many of those men and women who braved the terrors of the forrest primeval and laid here the foundation of things and here, so near the center of the community where they builded their rude log cabins and cleared their rough lands, this monument should stand for all time. It was a happy thought too, that the monument should be not of chisled marble or of corroding brass, but a flint conglomeration boulder just as taken from the mountains, unique, yet peculiarly emblematical of the rough, substantial characters it commemorates. It was also a happy thought that it should bear upon its bronze tablet the family names and the names of those ministers of the gospel who from time to time preached here and laid the foundations for christian worship in this community, for the family names comprehended so many individuals, and the preached word was so much a part of the daily lives of those men and women. I could but add one other idea which it seems to me would have been appropriate--the family names of the wives of the pioneers. We hear a great deal in our day of our forefathers and what they suffered and accomplished, but all too little of our foremothers.

Men I Well Remember

It was my happy lot when a boy to know some of the pioneer men and women whose memories we honor today. I well remember Deacon Rufus Grennell. He was an old man when I knew him. He was just waiting for the summons home, he was already to go and he soon passed on. I attended his funeral in the church, the first funeral I ever remember to have attended. Deacon Grennell always seemed to me like one of the old Patriarchs of the Bible. I can remember uncle Alva Norton. He always reminded me of the portrait of Andrew Jackson, for whom so many still vote at every